

CHARLES GLINES

Tape 286

August 23, 1991

Interviewer: Doris Burton

DB: We are at the home of Charles Glines.

Charles Glines (Chuck): Now, here is a list of the first church houses. Tridell at one time was called the North and LaPoint was called the South and finally, after Forest Morrell became bishop, everyone that worked in Tridell built this old log church house.

In my dreams I stood and looked
At the old log church house door.
It was weather-beaten and old and
Sort of a brownish-like gray.
The memory that I have for that old
Church will change no more
For within those dirty log walls
I was taught to pray.
I remember that old stove all cleaned
And polished to a shiny black.
It's warm like the gospel warms the soul.
Now on life's memory lane
Takes me back and I remember those
Kerosene lamps,
Two at the back and three all hung on each
Sidewall with the chimney cleaned to
A shiny bright, gave the very best light
For all.
And it was there I could hear my Sunday
School teacher; there she sang sweet and low.
And to me, Sister Nellie Merkley's voice
Was like the angel's singing in the after-
glow.
There in the happy carefree days of
my youth, I vowed that someday, I'd be
a Sunday school teacher and lead others
in the way of truth.
Thank You

DB: Oh, that was fantastic. If I could get my tape recorder working, we will do it again so I can video you.

Chuck: Ha, that has always been one of my hobbies, writing and stories and histories.

DB: Poetry, writing poetry.

Chuck: And stories and histories.

DB: That must have been your teachers that you had.

Chuck: I'm almost past the age of learning now.

DB: Well, Mom has loved writing and poetry, and I think it must have been the teacher you had when you were young.

Mrs. Glines: Dallas Glines, remember how she use to write?

Chuck: Till now I remember her.

Mrs. Glines: She always used to read us a poem every day and tell us about something about it. Every time she wrote one she'd read it to us, remember that.

Chuck: Even on, I used to do some writing.

DB: I am sorry we were so late getting here, they had the road from Vernal to LaPoint all tore up and we had to follow a lead car and sit and wait.

Chuck: Oh, my goodness.

Mrs. Glines: Well, you weren't too late.

DB: Now this history that you have is it all about Tridell.

Chuck: Practically all, but I had to bring in LaPoint for a few different occasions and I am still working on it. Only thing is, my camera has faded on me and I need to take a couple of pictures. One thing I need some pictures of, I want some pictures of eight different buildings that were built here. My brother-in-law, Will Cook, built the first, A-type hay derrick in the basin.

I: Oh, is that right?

Chuck: All of these A type hay derricks was copied after people had seen them.

DB: Well, what she was interested in, you know she keeps a record of all the histories that she can collect over there in the historical room in the library, and she was wanting to get the history you have and see if she can come and get a copy of your history and keep it in the historical

room of the library. They collect all the history and anyone that wants to go in there and look back and find something, they can get it there.

Chuck: I thought that this would be a good place to start because you're here. I mean we're supposed to let everyone know our histories. If you get time, it would be nice if we could get a picture of the old schoolhouse where we used to go to school. Remember the old white school house?

Mrs. Glines: Yes.

Chuck: It's still there. It was converted into a home. It's just going to waste.

Mrs. Glines: I remember when we moved up there how happy we were. I remember going to school. That's where I went to school my first year of school, in that little place.

DB: I can't get this thing to going.

Mrs. Glines: Maybe your batteries didn't charge up.

DB: No, I can't get this darn thing...

Mrs. Glines: Oh, there it is.

DB: Well!

Mrs. Glines, laughing: All you need to do is ask.

DB: Beautiful. This is Charles Glines, August 23, 1991. He is going to tell us about some of the history of Tridell. Della Karren is here with us and she also grew up in Tridell. Mr. Glines, I wonder if I could ask you to stand over here and repeat the lovely poem you wrote.

Chuck: Several of us here today, who used to live here at the same time that I did, and we went to the same school together, and we were in about the same grade and same year here in Tridell. Eva, born Trujillo Whipson (?), was a little older than I and associated with my sister. After a long period of illness they brought me home from Vernal, where they operated on me by the light of a kerosene lamp, in the home of John Burns. We finally made it and here I am and this is an honor to me to have one of my old friends present this church house to me. He said, "Chuck, you can write about it." So, I am going to read it to you folks, entitled "The Old Log Church House."

In my dreams I stood and looked
At the old log church house door.
It was weather-beaten and old and
Sort of a brownish-like gray.

The memory that I have for that old
Church will change no more
For within those dirty log walls
I was taught to pray.
I remember that old stove all cleaned
And polished to a shiny black.
It's warm like the gospel warms the soul.
Now on life's memory lane
Takes me back and I remember those
Kerosene lamps,
Two at the back and three all hung on each
Sidewall with the chimney cleaned to
A shiny bright, gave the very best light
For all.
And it was there I could hear my Sunday
School teacher; there she sang sweet and low.
And to me, Sister Nellie Merkley's voice
Was like the angel's singing in the after-
glow.
There in the happy carefree days of
my youth, I vowed that someday, I'd be
a Sunday school teacher and lead others
in the way of truth.
Thank You

DB: Thank you, Mr. Glines that was lovely. Now did you get that picture?

Chuck: Are we finished?

DB: No, we're not.

Chuck: Well, we're just visiting. Maybe we could drive out there, how much room do you have in your car?

DB: Tell me a little bit more about your school?

Chuck: Well, I would like to take you to Tridell and show you the old white schoolhouse where we went to school, it still stands, and been converted into a home. It isn't all intact; it's empty, and mistreated, of course. But it is at the spot where we went to school. In those days, we used to go to school there, and one of the games we used to like to play was the boys used to play with their marbles. There were three holes dug in the ground, and shoot two or three of the marbles to see who got to go for the third hole first. Then we'd go to the porch, and if we made it to the porch first, well we won the game.

Let us tell you, I don't know if this is true history, but I'm going to tell it. Well, where we

had played this game they put in a swing. It was a good sturdy swing, and the ones who did the most swinging was the girls. That was in the days when the girls used to wear the drop-seat draws and the girls would get so they would stand up in the swing, two of them, and we boys were playing marbles there. One of the girls, a button came undone alongside and of course every time they broke them, they'd come down their dresses and Mr. Morrill came out there and said, "You girls have to quit standing up in the swing." (Everyone laughing)

And this was true. We used to play dare base, and choose up sides, and would try to sneak

down to a place where we would be safe. The one who could get the most in the circle without getting caught by the other side won the game. Well, this game got to where we chased each other up and down the hill and just about everywhere. This was a very exercising game, especially when some of us lighter fellows would take off up the hill. The heavier fellows would usually have trouble catching us.

Of course, I have always been kind of a skinny fellow. I always liked to write, compose and singing. Now I'm pretty well out of singing because I have to wear hearing aids and just don't sing anymore. However, I have friends that say, "Come on, come on, sing us that song." Still, I have words to some of my masterpieces, one of my songs if you'd like me too, I will recite it.

DB: I see you have a guitar here. Do you play the guitar?

Chuck: I don't play anymore. My fingers aren't the same as they used to be.

DB: Yes, we'd love to have you recite your song.

Chuck: All right. I will recite you this one because this is one of my masterpieces entitled "Memories of Cumorah." Really it's the words to the song I wrote. I have recorded it because I haven't got it out and played it for some time.

Memories of Cumorah

Many years ago, in the hill called Cumorah,
Stored away by Moroni's hand, was a record
Of the Nephite people, wandering in an
Unknown land.

Then one day a boy read in the Bible,
If you lack wisdom, this day, kneel in the
True spirit, and ask in your own way.
Kneeling there in humble prayer,
He called on the lord, for all men seemed
Confused and he doubted their word.
Then appeared to him in a cloud of light
Two heavenly beings to lead and die (?)
Right. One spoke before the light grew dim

And said, "Joseph, this is my beloved son,
Hear him." There in silence Joseph heard
The Lord said, "None of these churches are
Right and the confusion this day."
For surely hidden and safely kept within
A hill are records of the true church,
To be brought forth for God's will. It is
Called the Book of Mormon, to become
Known thru all the land. It's a gospel
Taught by Paul and Peter and others and
Given at the Lord's command. Authority
From John the Baptist, conferred upon his
Servants came the true priesthood, the power
To make the world all new.

DB: You wrote that, did you?

Chuck: Yes, that is one of my masterpieces.

DB: They said that you have all kinds of histories. Do you have lots of histories?

Chuck: I have written lots of stories.

DB: Do you have a lot of stuff on Tridell? A lady came over to the library the other day and she told me you had a lot of histories.

Chuck: Is it a local lady?

DB: Said she had been over here. Anyway, that's how I knew about it, about you and the histories, you know. But if you have any pictures or, you know, written histories, we would like to copy them over at the library to be put in that history. We keep archives and historical records of people and places and things, and also I'm going to write a book of the history of Uintah County for the centennial statehood. All the counties in Utah are writing books as their projects, so I would like to use some of your Tridell history in that book, and, of course, I will mention that you wrote it and everything.

A long time ago I wrote this, and it's a true history, entitled "Gold Dust."
(This story can be found in Regional History File Folder 1949.)